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## SATISFACTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY CLIO STANLEY.

A day and a night—and the storm came down:  
The wind and the rain together  
Beat unceasingly on my garden-ground  
Till, all in the gloomy weather,  
My white rose bowed her beautiful head,  
And my lily, heavy-headed,  
Lapsed to the earth; so joy and I  
By a day and a night were parted!

One little day of happiness,  
One little day of gladness;  
And beyond the sea of death my love  
Lies wrecked in utter sadness!  
But still the home-wind blows to-night,  
And the silver shores seem near;  
The voice of memory, clear and sweet,  
Sounds never still and near!

O, life! let your white ship sail fast,  
For the days and the nights are lonely;  
O, sea! what sad hearts wait to-night,  
Regretted by your waves only!  
On either shore true lovers stand;  
But to-day must wait to-morrow,  
Ere the angel of Death shall bring to us  
The helm for all our sorrow!

## A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD; OR, THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY KETT WINWOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

It was just such a spot as romance delights to dwell in, being the picturesque lawn pertaining to a handsome villa, called Roundwood, situated on the banks of the Hudson. Two persons were strolling along one of the gravel walks—a gentleman and a lady. Both were young, and both more than ordinarily handsome.

The lady had a little, tenuous figure; a calm, bright face, with eyes blue as some fringed gentian; a red, ripe, strawberry-colored mouth, and an abundance of yellowish-brown hair, soft as silk and beautiful as spun gold.

In his way the young gentleman might be considered a type of manly perfection, being tall and straight and strong, with features that would have done honor to a Greek god; a frank, fearless head, a bold brow, and rich, brown hair, with a slight tendency to curl.

This young Apollo was named Vincent Raynham. He and his twin-brother, Victor, were the only children of their widowed mother, the mistress of Roundwood.

The young lady, Miss Dora Desmond, by name, was a sort of protégée of Mrs. Raynham's; that is, one of those incomprehensible feminine friendships that sprang up between the two, in consequence of which Dora Desmond, though a young lady of fortune and position, spent much of her time at Roundwood.

Mrs. Raynham fondly hoped that she would eventually come there "for good," as the bride of one of her sons.

Her wishes seemed likely to be consummated, for both the young men were fond of Dora. But more of that anon. The history of their attachments must be unfolded gradually.

It is with Vincent Raynham that we have to do at the present moment. At the time when we introduce him to the reader, he had been but a few hours in the house, having returned that morning from a pleasure trip to some of the Southern States.

From the moment of crossing the threshold of his home he had been in a frame of mind anything but enviable. The cause of his anxiety may be explained in two words; he had observed certain indications in his brother's manner towards Dora Desmond, and in Dora's manner towards his brother, which proved conclusively to his mind that unless he made some bold and decided movement the young lady was lost to him forever.

Hence, he had instantly determined to make such a movement.

He waited, with all the patience he could command, until the early dinner was over. Then he had said:

"I have not seen the flower garden since my return, and I take a deep interest in anything of the sort. Miss Dora, may I trouble you to show it to me?"

Wholly unsuspecting of his motive, she nodded a smiling assent; and that is the way they happened to be strolling about in the gravel walks.

When he once had her all to himself on the lawn, however, the sly young fellow seemed to have forgotten the flower garden entirely. He led her up and down the various paths, talking glibly, but with a certain deep look in his head eyes which was not often to be seen there.

At last he paused, and slightly pressed the young girl's hand.

"Dora," he said, eagerly, "can you not guess why I brought you here?"

"To see the flower garden, of course," she answered, innocently. "Shall we approach it a little faster?"

"No." His hand now clung to hers as if it never intended to let go. "I don't care a rush for the flower garden. I wanted to see you alone, because I have something to say to you."

She started at that, and drew slightly away from him.

"I do not know what you can have to communicate that might not have been told just as well at the house."

"Of course you do not," he cried, impatiently. "I have never meant to wear my heart on my sleeve when others were about. But I don't mind waiting if there now, since you and I are alone together. Indeed, I would be glad to have

you read for yourself all there is in it. I should thus be saved the trouble of putting its secret into words."

Dora flushed and then paled again. "I will save you the trouble," she said, a trifle haughtily, "by going back to the house."

She sought to move on, but he caught both her hands now, and held her fast.

"Perhaps I'm a fool for speaking out so abruptly," he exclaimed, his lips trembling and looking their ripe, ruddy look. "But I'm afraid to keep my passion to myself any longer; I fear a thousand ills that shall be nameless. Oh, Dora, I love you! I cannot give you up! I will not! There, you know now what there was in my heart that I wished to put into words. You know my secret."

He spoke rapidly, and in a tone of half-desperate vehemence. He could not help observing the girl's shrinking gesture, but went on to the end in spite of it.

Dora grew paler than before, and trembled all over. "I am sorry," she murmured, faintly, "very, very sorry."

"You do not love me?"

"I do not love you."

The words dropped clear and silvery from her lips this time. And they were such words as struck a death blow to his hopes.

He turned away from her for an instant, so that she could not see his face; but his head was down, and with his head he was slowly grinding a hole in the gravel of the walk. At last he gasped huskily, like a man catching his breath:

"I think I understand how it is," he said, presently wheedling round again. "My brother Victor has been before me. You love him."

She did not answer, but a sudden fire leaped into her eyes.

He saw it. "Nay do not be angry with me, Dora," he said. "I do not wish to complain, or even to force a confidence from you. Since the boon of your priceless love is not for me, I am only too glad that it has been bestowed upon Victor."

"I did not say that," she cried, naively. "There is no need. And I repeat that I am glad. My brother is a noble fellow. If anybody in all the wide world is worthy of such purity and loveliness, Victor is that man!"

She looked up at him quickly, a little flash of surprise breaking over her face. It was something new in her experience of men for a rejected suitor to extol his more favored rival.

"Dear Vincent," she said, with sudden warmth, "I never knew before what good, true heart throbs in your bosom. Believe me, I am very deeply grieved that I should have caused you the least pain."

Then she gave him her hand. He bowed low over it, so that his face was hidden from her for the second time. After a minute's hesitation, he lifted the little snowflake to his lips and pressed a kiss upon it.

Dora drew back hastily. Her quick ear had caught the sound of a step on the gravel. Looking up, she saw an almost marvelously beautiful woman approaching.

She was tall and elegant, and beautifully dressed. Her face was generously tinged with dark blood, the lips pulsed with luscious crimson, and a rich carmine color glowing on either cheek. Indeed, it was one of those flawless faces for which another Mary Antony might fling a world away.

Her eyes were large, dark, almond-shaped, and shaded by thick curled lashes which gave them a look at once enticing and bewildering. The brow was low and broad, and over it broke a profusion of scented hair, dead-black in hue and indescribably soft and silky to look upon. Her figure was like and supple, and full of graceful curves.

She came nearer and nearer, and presently passed them, but not before she had greeted Dora with a charming smile, and recognized Vincent's presence by a slight nod.

"Who is she?" whispered the young man eagerly, long ere the lovely vision had disappeared in the shrubbery.

Dora was shivering there in the warm sunlight as if an icy breath of air had blown over her.

"A MAN'S FIGURE CROUCHING, GLIDING, CREEPING THROUGH THE SHADY DARKNESS."

"The new tenant of Lotus Lodge," she answered, in a very faint voice.

"Her name?"

"Miss Honorie Peyton."

"Do you know her?"

"Slightly. We have met, casually, two or three times."

"In the grounds, I suppose?"

"Yes. Your mother has given her the privilege of coming here to walk as often as she pleases."

"Does she frequently avail herself of the permission?"

"Quite frequently."

"And you know nothing of her history?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. She lives quite secluded at Lotus Lodge with a single servant, who accompanied her when she came. She has neither received nor paid visits, and yet she seems to be wealthy and accomplished."

"Strange," muttered Vincent, thoughtfully. "Why should a young and beautiful woman seclude herself in that manner? There must be something in her past life which she wishes to conceal."

"I do not know."

Dora drew her scarf more closely around her. "Come," she said, beginning to move onward toward the house. "Let us go in. I am tired and out of sorts."

She spoke with the troubled accent of a person whose mind is full of nameless forebodings.

### CHAPTER II.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Dora parted with Vincent at the hall door, and immediately sought her own apartment. The young man felt the same disinclination for companionship, and would have followed her example without first speaking with any member of the family but for the fact that he was met by his brother Victor on the stairs.

As is generally the case, the twin-brothers bore a remarkable resemblance to each other. It was so striking that even their friends were sometimes puzzled to tell one from the other. Victor was a trifle less gay and animated than his brother, perhaps; he had a firmer lip and a franker smile. But only a close observer could have detected any difference whatever.

Vincent felt worried and annoyed. A slimy, impenetrable look came into his hazel eyes. He made a movement as if he would have pushed rudely past his brother, then he came to a sudden standstill and extended his hand.

"Forgive me, Victor," he said, speaking in the repressed tone of one who is struggling violently with himself. "I felt half angry with you for a moment. But it is gone now."

"Why were you angry?" asked Victor.

The young man turned away his face. A momentary flash leaped up through the film in his downcast eyes.

"Listen, my brother," said he, after a brief pause. "You may as well have the truth from my lips as from those of some third person. It is sure to come out, sooner or later. Listen, I say again. I have been making love to Dora Desmond."

"What?"

"Yes. Why not? Did you think nobody save yourself had the soul to appreciate that angel?"

"No, no, no!"

The denial was uttered in a rapid, half-frightened tone of voice. Vincent glanced up quickly at his brother's face.

"Forgive me again," he murmured, sweetly. "I am not quite myself to-day. I don't mind telling you that the disappointment was very bitter—for of course Dora rejected my love. But I shall get over it in time, my brave boy. I shall become accustomed to thinking of her as your promised wife, and will not care."

"Poor Vincent."

"Nay, don't pity me. I couldn't bear that just at the present time. Besides, I can conquer my love very soon, now that I know how helpless it is. I am sure I can. But promise me one thing, my brother. What

has happened shall not alienate me in the slightest degree; promise me that."

"I do promise."

Dora flushed and then paled again. "I should wish to die if she ceased to care for me. But I cannot stand in your light. If you can win her from me you are free to do so; and I will never murmur. I will never reproach you."

Vincent started, and changed color. "No," he said, sharply. "I will never become my brother's rival!"

With these words, which may or may not have been full of lurking sarcasm, he turned and went swiftly upstairs, thus putting an end to the conversation.

Victor clung to the balustrade, feeling hurt and shocked.

"This is awkward, very awkward," he muttered, thoughtfully. "It is strange that I never suspected Vincent of caring for Dora. But what can I do? I love her, and she loves me."

Before his meditations had proceeded any further, there came a hasty pull at the door-bell, and a servant shortly made his appearance in the hall.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he announced.

Victor started like a person rudely awakened from a dream.

"Show him into the library," he said, leading the way to that apartment.

He had scarcely seated himself when the door opened and his unexpected visitor was ushered in.

He was a tall, handsome, brown-haired man of about fifty. He had just such eyes and hair as Victor's own, and here a striking resemblance to him in other respects.

He came forward with the easy, incident swagger of a man who feels perfectly assured of his own position, not seeming to know, or to care, at least, that Victor had received and grown white as a corpse at sight of him.

"My dear fellow," he said, suavely, "I am delighted to see you."

Victor shrank further and further away from him, and seemed to tremble in every limb with some nameless horror.

"You?" he gasped. "You?"

"Can't you see for yourself?" was the impudent answer. "Who else should it be?"

Victor shook off the spell that was upon him. He rose up like a panther springing upon his prey.

"Villain," he shouted, catching fiercely hold of the man's arm, "how dared you come here? How dared you cross this threshold?"

Victor Raynham, I'm afraid you do not understand me; otherwise, you would know there are very few things I would not dare. I am a reckless man."

"Shame, if nothing else, should have kept you away from this house," panted Victor.

His visitor winced.

"There may come a time," he said, sullenly, "when even shame has lost its power."

"I cannot tell of that. Go away! Go quickly. Go, before you are seen by anybody else."

"Humph! I decline to go until my object in coming here has been accomplished."

"What is that? What do you want?"

"Money."

"You shall have it. Only begone. I will meet you anywhere that you may elect. Go, go, go!"

The poor fellow was like a mad man. His face was frightfully pale; with the palm of his hands he sought to push the unwelcome intruder towards the door.

In vain—all in vain. The man would not stir, but lowered upon him with a mocking smile.

"Remember," he growled savagely, "if trouble comes of my presence in this house, you have brought it on yourself."

"How?"

"You would not answer my letter."

"I received none."

"Not even that in which I asked the loan of five thousand dollars?"

"I told you," cried Victor, angrily, "that I received no letters whatever."

"Then they must have been intercepted. I wrote several; and, not hearing from you in return, I made bold to come to Roundwood in person."

"You shall have the money. I will fetch it to you in the village. You shall have it at whatever cost to myself. Will not that promise content you? Will you not go, now?"

"Yes, I will go."

He turned, as he spoke, and moved towards the door. Just at that instant light footsteps were heard in the passage outside. Uttering a shrill, despairing cry, Victor darted forward with the evident intention of keeping out all intruders.

He was too late. The knob turned, and the door swung on its hinges before he could possibly reach it. A woman slowly crossed the threshold.

It was Mrs. Raynham. She was still a young-looking woman, although considerably on the shady side of forty. But she had one of those complexions that do not lose their freshness early. There were lines of care and suffering, however, round the sweet, mobile mouth.

"I came for the book I was reading last night," she began. "It is—"

She stopped abruptly, alarmed by the strange pallor of Victor's face. Then her startled gaze wandered quickly to the countenance of the man who stood beside him. She stared at the stranger an instant as if all her faculties had been suddenly merged in that of sight. Her face blanched to the ghastly hue of a corpse; the cold clasp of fear stood out in great beads on her forehead. She threw up both her arms with a wild, wild cry.

Then she fell on the floor at her son's feet, in a dead swoon.

Victor gave a savage growl, such as might have come from the throat of some infuriated wild beast.

"Devil," he roared, shaking his clenched fists in the leering face of his visitor, "this is your work. If she is dead, I will kill you!"

"No," was the unflinching answer. "Women don't die so easily. She has only fainted."

Victor lifted that poor, senseless figure in his arm, and bore it to a couch.

"I pray God that she did not recognize you," he said. "I hope she will never know you for the hardened villain you are."

"Bah! Don't be tragic, my dear Victor. The deed does not become you."

At that, the young man swung on his heel and faced him, a sudden fury flashing from his hazel orbs.

"Leave the house, scoundrel," he said, between his shut teeth. "Or, by the heaven above us, I'll call the servants and have you flung from the door, let the consequences to myself be what they will."

"Softly, my young friend, softly. You seem to forget the nature of the tie that unites you and me."

Victor caught his breath sharply.

"I recognize no tie whatever," he cried.

Then his voice seemed to fail him for a moment. There was a sudden choking in his throat, and he added, in a pleading whisper—

"For mercy's sake, go away. I cannot bear this scene much longer. You ought to know better than play too long with the mouse in your claws. Go, go! I might lose all control over myself, and kill you."

"Wait!" The man approached the couch where Mrs. Raynham was lying.

Victor did not answer. He stood with his head down, shaking as with a chill. He knew that the man was standing beside the couch where his mother was lying, but had not the strength to drag him away.

There was a long silence in the room. At last a hand that trembled a little was pushed out and dropped upon Victor's, and a voice said hoarsely, close to his ear:

"I'm going now, my boy. Remember the money—five thousand dollars, and not a penny less. I shall remain in the village until you fetch it."

The young man did not stir. He heard the door open and shut and knew that his dreaded visitor was gone. But he still stood like a statue, rooted to the spot.

"God be merciful!" he muttered, faintly. "God direct me!"

The next instant the door-knob turned softly, and light steps stole to his side.

"What has happened?" asked Dora's sweetly-tremulous tones. "I was sitting in my bed-chamber, and heard strange noises proceeding from this room. What did they mean? And, ah, just heaven! Why are you so pale and so wild-looking?"

Her anxious face drew close up to his own in eager questioning. Her scented breath fanned his cheek, and a single silken tress of her hair blew across his lips.

He blushed, it then put her gently away from him. But he did not speak.

"Victor," she cried, in real alarm, "why are you so silent? Who was the man who went away just now? What did he mean when he told you to fetch him five thousand dollars in the village? What did he mean? I fear there is something dreadful connected with this affair."

The poor fellow found voice at last.

"Did you hear that?" he gasped. "Did you hear what that devil said to me?"

"Only a word or two. But quite enough to frighten and distress me. Victor, my own Victor, will you not tell me what it all means?"

"You must not ask me," and he caught her hand, crushing it fiercely in his own as he spoke. "Look there; you and I have no time to waste in idle words."

He led her up to the couch. She had not seen the nameless figure lying there before. An Indian screen had hidden it from her where she stationed herself on first entering the apartment.

A low, startled cry fell from her lips.

"Dead! dead!" she gasped. "It isn't possible that she is dead!"

"No," said Victor, soothingly. "My mother has only fainted. But you and I must restore her before she is seen by any third person in this plight."

Dora glanced up at him in a bewildered way. Something in his cold, mechanical tones shocked and startled her. But she ran for restoratives without having uttered a single word in response.

### CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

Some minutes elapsed before Mrs. Raynham betrayed signs of returning consciousness.

When at last her bosom began to heave and she breathed a long, gasping sigh, instead of leaning over her with anxious solicitude, as a loving son should have done, Victor threw himself on the floor at the foot of the couch, leaned his head on his hands, and strove to collect his thoughts.

What should he say to the wretched woman when she was well enough to question him? The truth? Ah, God help him! for he was not brave enough to do that.

Dora regarded him furtively, and with manifest displeasure. When at last Mrs. Raynham opened her eyes, and softly whispered his name, "Victor," the girl turned upon him and said angrily:

"If you are not a brute, come this instant and speak to your mother. She is lying on her back, and she is dying!"

A strange oppression weighed him down—an almost painful consciousness of external things. Even Dora's presence seemed to disturb him, for the first time in his experience of her, the hot summer sun, streaming in at the open window—the droning noise of insect life, and chatter of birds without—and also the sight of his mother's colorless face. Everything jarred on some sensitive chord, all too highly strung.

If he was in a half-stunned state of mind, Mrs. Raynham's condition was no better. She gazed stupidly about her, and finally thrust out one hand and laid it on his own.

"What has happened?" she asked, faintly. "I do not know. And yet I feel a terrible sense of oppression. Why is it?"

"You were taken suddenly ill. There, don't talk, please. I think you will soon be better."

Mrs. Raynham looked absently into her son's face, which was even whiter than her own. Presently she passed her disengaged hand once or twice across her forehead, and then, starting up, cried out suddenly and violently:

"I remember all about it now! I know what caused me to faint. That man! Oh, Victor, Victor, where is he now?"

Her eyes wildly swept the apartment. She would have sprung to her feet, but Victor held her back with all his might.

"Be quiet," he said firmly, but gently. "The man is gone. You will see him no more."

A convulsive trembling made her shake like an aspen in the wind. The dread and anguish expressed in her convulsed face and aching lips were terrible to behold.

"Who was he?" she cried, at last, in a sharp whisper. "Victor, did you know that man's name?"

"Yes. It is Miles Hugby."

"Miles Hugby? No, no, no. I know better than that. He has tried to impose on you with a false name. It is like him—it is like him."

"Mother," said Victor, struggling hard to keep his voice perfectly composed, "why should you trouble your head about this strange visitor of mine? He can be nothing to you; you are nothing to him. I advise you to banish him from your thoughts and try to sleep."

"Sleep? There is but one sleep that can



illness; and he was surprised when, one morning in early spring, the physician coming down from her room, said:

"Mr. Branwell, do you know if anything causes deep anxiety to Miss Lorrillard?"























